BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS

A COWBOY STORY

"BUTTERNUT JONES" is the title of a new cowboy tale by a new author, Tilden Tilford. It bears an attractive cover design compounded of a heart, a lariat, and the head of a long-horn.

The story is full of incident and humor and a certain reserved strength of which the reader becomes more conscious as the last chapter approaches. Mr. Tilford does not weaken at the end, and that is a thing which cannot be said of more than one novelist in five.

Butternut Jones, alias the Lambkin, alias Charles Jones, is an educated Westerner who is a cowboy from choice, and Catherine Cloud, otherwise "Captain Kitty," is a spirited, lovable girl from Missouri. In the relations of these two characters the interest centers. The book might be called another "Virginian" without "The Virginian's" loosebness of construction, artificiality, and false sentiment.

Butternut is not one of those epigram horrors, but a few of his sayings are terse enough to stick in the memory.

He says of the poor ranchman fighting a railroad, that the law may give them justice when they are all dead. And speaking of his uncle, the college professor, he says, illustrating the difference between the pedant and the lover of books:

"My uncle could pick his bard like a crow, feather by feather. He could count the bones, could tell where the sinews ran, the sockets fitted, and the flesh padded in properly—but he had lost his Milton."

The story is a capital one, and there is not a boresome line in it. The fight between Spartacus and the goat is an episode funny enough to be worth the price of admission all by itself. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.)

MATERNAL ANXIETIES

"THE BEATRICE BOOK," by Ralph Harold Bretherton, is an amusingly absurd character-study of family life, Beatrice being the mother of two charming children, Gerald and Benedicta, and wife of a philosophical person, whom she calls Hal, and who tells the story. There is just enough exaggeration of feminine peculiarities to make the little stories entertaining. It is a book over which married people will laugh, and look at each other and comment on past experience.

The story of the ring, which was to have been an anonymous gift, but was hurriedly acknowledged when somebody else got the credit; the story of the quarrel which grew out of a too suggestive piece of fiction; the story of the child who was not ill, but whose mother insisted that it was—all these, and all the others, are simply, deliciously human and funny.

This is a rather quotable passage from the story of the visit which an infant prodigy and her mother made to Beatrice's family:

"Personally, I don't care much for cleverness, unless it be natural wit. Beatrice could not spell, and when it came to compound fractions, I was all at sea, but we had sound heads on our shoulders, observant eyes, and keen ears and we were very happy without political economy and the binomial theorems, whatever those two goals of the learned mind may be. What man or woman with any imagination wants to dive deep into history? I never remember learning much history, but it had always seemed to me that I could write a history of England, which would be about as true as—and, I trust, less damaging to reputations than—Macaulay's. I could keep in credit at the bank without algebra. Beatrice made me happy, although she knew no more French than I did, which was next to nothing. Why, then, did Edith slave eight hours a day at her books and the piano? I could not see. * * *

"Ina did not care for our children, nor for our training of them. She said nothing, but sniffed contemptuously over Benedicta and Gerald and their deeds. She remarked that modern children were very different from old-fashioned children, and that she preferred old-fashioned children. In reply we passed strictures on old-fashioned parents. We said that often they were brutal in their sternness. What we aimed at in our own family was perfect confidence and equality, unity of purpose, and sharing of pleasure between parent and child. We waxed very eloquent on our pet subject. Ina sniffed, and said that Edith was an obedient child who knew her place. A child's place was at her mother's knee, Beatrice said, and not at a table littered with books. There was very nearly a quarrel, but somehow or other it was avoided.

"But peace could not reign long in a house where two mothers with healthy tempers despised each other.

"'Poor Edith gets on my nerves,' Beatrice said to me. 'I lie awake, thinking about her at night.'

"And perhaps Ina lay awake thinking about the wickedness of Benedicta and Gerald."

Most people can remember episodes in their own lives very much like the first half of this story. The other half is unique.

The book really should have had illustrations, and it is to be hoped that when the next edition comes out some artistic genius will see its possibilities. But it is a delightful holiday book, just as it is. (New York: John Lane. The Bodley Head.)

In Steamboat Days.

"Tennessee Todd," by G. W. Ogden, is about as good a description of the steamboat business on the Mississippi as it was in its palmy days as anyone has recently presented. It does not challenge comparison with Mark Twain's inimitable work, for it is a novel with an exciting plot, and Eggleston's "Roxy," while it deals with the same region, does not hinge on anything in the river industry.

The time of the story is that of the struggle between the steamboat lines and the newly built railroads, stubbornness on one side and manifest destiny on the other. Tennessee Todd is a girl of the "poor-white" class, quite real and human. The author has portrayed the life of Tennessee and her people with absolute truthfulness, and the terrible feud between Captain Andrews and Captain Blair is pictured with the same unsparing fidelity to fact. There is no mere fine writing in the book, and only after one has read it through with absorbing interest does one see how strong a novel it is. (New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.)

Sea Stories of Men.

"The Promotion of the Admiral" is a book of capital sea stories by Morley Roberts. The first, which gives its title to the book, is one of the funniest yarns of the season—brimful of rollicking, daredevil life, hovering just on the verge of impossibility, as a sailor's yarn should, yet human throughout. Nobody can read it without feeling like three cheers for the admiral, and nobody can read the next story, "The Settlement With Shanghai Smith," and not chuckle over the neat way in which "Dicky" Dunn paid his score.

Queer sea superstitions crop out in "The Crew of the Potluck," "The Scuttling of the Pandora," and "The Man From Abo," "Three in a Game," is another ludicrous story of the doings of "Shanghai Smith," and is the only one which has a romance mixed up with it. "The Crew of the Kamer Funder" is a speculative tale of what may happen when civilized man is reduced to living according to first principles, and "The Rehabilitation of the Vigia" is another mixture of humor and superstition. There is not a dull story in the lot. (Boston: L. C. Page & Co.)

An Indiana Novel.

In writing "A Forest Hearth" Charles Major seems to have been actuated by a grudge against somebody, and that is hardly a proper spirit in which either to write a novel or to lead a prayer-meeting. The person against whom he has the grudge is the original of the mother-in-law in his book, an unpleasant and most unrealistic old lady, who is a domestic tyrant, with a pretty girl for a daughter and abused slave. Having announced that this ancient dame is the embodiment of justice, Mr. Major proceeds to present her as the most unjust person in the book. If that quality against which he warns his readers were only possessed in the measure doled out to her this world would be a terribly uncomfortable place.

Mrs. Margarita Bays so dominates the novel that the other characters make little impression, though the reader may wonder why the hero spells his name "Dic." Surely, in an age when "music" was spelled with a "k," "Dick" was not spelled without it. But, as a whole, the book might appropriately be called "The Romance of a Mother-in-Law."—(New York: The Macmillan Company.)

A Self-Made Boy.

"Flip's Islands of Providence," by Annie Fellows Johnston, is a little book which might properly find its way into many Sunday school libraries. It is the story of a boy obliged to make his way in a strange city, anxious to keep straight and honor his name, but dragged back by the bad reputation of his father. It is apparently intended to remind modern church organizations that they are not the whole of Christianity. This was the boy's church experience:

"Alec soon realized the bounds that were set to his social privileges. He might take a prominent part in the meetings, even be asked to lead on occasions, be put on commitees, be assigned many tasks in connection with suppers and festivals, but outside of his church relationship he was never noticed. No hospitable home swung open its doors to him."

It might be questioned whether a boy has any right to expect his church relationship to be a stepping stone to social privileges, but the fact remains that acquaintances made by the dozen are not as satisfying as friendships made one by one, or as good for the soul. (Boston: L. C. Page & Co.)

"OLD QUEBEC"

By Gilbert Parker and Claude G. Bryan.

"OLD QUEBEC," by Gilbert Parker and Claude G. Bryan, is a bulky and fascinating history, abundantly illustrated, and well worth a place in any library. The object of the authors is not to supply new information on the subject—indeed, it is doubtful whether new discoveries could be made in a field so thoroughly searched as this has been—but to select from the abundance of material at their disposal such incidents as will prove most attractive to the general public. Francis Parkman, Sir James Le Moine and others have written voluminously on the history of New France, and not been half as much read as they deserve to be. It is to be hoped that this condensation of such parts of their work as refer to Quebec will receive the general attention which it merits.

The numerous illustrations of the book, including portraits of all those who have figured prominently in the history of Quebec, and reproductions of many old maps and prints make the book most attractive. The selections from Parkman and other writers are well chosen, and the history is written in a terse, vigorous and picturesque style.

The difference between the French and English colonies of America is clearly brought out in this history, and is one of the important points to be noted in any study of the development of American civilization. Certain features of this difference are thus described in an early chapter:

"It was not by accident but by design that an aristocratic class was created in French Canada. The perpetual contrast between the English and the French systems of colonization was but the difference between natural evolution and artificial construction. The Canadian aristocracy was a consistent detail of the latter and in keeping with Louis' ambitious scheme of personal government. The caste system grafted upon the stem of the colonial plant was a picturesque adornment to the life of Quebec, but a doubtful experiment from any other point of view, as time proved.

"For the most part, the Canadian noblemen were either officers of the disbanded Carignan-Salieres regiment, or gentilhommes who had come to the New World in search of adventure or gain. In both cases, they were unsuited to the hard and restrictive conditions of a rugged country. The soldiers steadfastly refused to beat their swords into plowshares or their spears into pruning hooks, and most of them accepted a state not far removed from actual want rather than stain their martial hands with manual labor. The leisured class thus became the starving class, and the king's subsidies alone kept these families from destitution."

The joyousness of the French nature survived under hard conditions, however, and throughout the history are charming glimpses of the high-hearted soldier, the merry peasant, the serene nun, the simple, cordial life of the gentlefolk of New France. In a chapter on "The Ancient Regime" the home of a seigneur, or country gentleman, is thus described:

"These country mansions were much the same as those of Quebec, and there was little difference in the manner of living within and without the city walls. At 8 o'clock the gentilhomme and his family breakfasted on rolls, white wine and coffee, while dinner was served at noon, and supper at 7 in the evening. The dining room of a fashionable household was tastefully arranged. One end of the room was completely occupied by the massive sideboard, filled with ancestral silver and china. Upon a shelf apart stood cut glass decanters for the table service, and as a coup d'appetit cordials were handed around in the drawing room. On coming into the dining room the guest might, if he chose, rinse his hands in a blue and white porcelain water basin, which stood upon a pedestal in one corner of the room. Arrived at the table he found his couvert to consist of a napkin, plate, silver goblet, fork, and spoon, being expected to supply his own knife. For these occasions men usually carried knives in their pockets, the ladies wearing them in a leathern, silken or birch-bark sheath. This peculiar custom caused some embarrassment to those English officers who were billeted in French houses after the capture of the city.

"The maple sugar season brought to the habitants their first relaxation from the severities of Lent. Huge caldrons of sap hung on poles over the roaring fires, and the children gathered round to taste the syrup and salute with songs of welcome the coming of jocund spring. May Day soon followed—the maddest merriest day in all the calendar. In the early morning the habitant repaired to the seigneury to assist in erecting the Maypole. Almost everyone he knew—man, woman, or child—was there with similar intent. Presently the tall fir tree, stripped of its bark, was firmly planted in the farmyard, and a deputation waited upon the Seigneur to beg his acceptance of this homage. A fusillade of blank musket shots was now kept up until the Maypole was thoroughly blackened. This done, the doors of the manor house were thrown wide open in welcome, and the rest of the day was one long banquet. The Seigneurs' tables groaned beneath burdens of roasted veal, mutton, and pork; huge bowls of stew, pies, and cakes, to which was added white whisky and tobacco. Songs, stories, and homely wit sped the day, until the banqueters were weak in flesh and spirit. Baptisms, betrothals, and weddings also were occasions of feasting, and the long-suffering Seigneur hardly escaped standing godfather to every child born within seven leagues of the manor."

The lover of Canadian fiction will find scattered through the book many names already familiar in the writings of Howells, Parker, Mrs. Catherwood, Conan Doyle, and the numerous historical novelists who have more recently dealt with this fascinating region. They will find here the history of the Convent of the Ursulines, about which Kitty Ellison wove her innocent romances, and of the Saguenay, of which she said that it would never tell a secret. The story of that Father Jogues whom the Huguenot refugees met in the forest is written here, and there is mention of Charles de la Noue and Greysolon du Lhut. The marriage market which Mrs. Catherwood so vividly pictures in that finest of American historical novels, "The Romance of Dollard," and the story of Dollard himself, are written here. Everywhere one finds the progenitors of the French folk of Sir Gilbert Parker's Canadian stories. It is a good book to take along in one's journeys into storyland. (New York: The Macmillan Company.)

STORIES OF A CHILD

"The Note Book of an Adopted Mother," by Eleanor Davids, is a bewitching little book; that is, it will be bewitching to many women who love children, and have much to do with them. The author says that it is intended to help in the solving of certain home problems which come to all mothers, and to encourage the adoption of homeless little ones. On the latter point, she says:

"It seems such a radical step to take, this bringing into a quiet and well-ordered house a child of strange parentage, and there are always so many ready to prophesy evil consequences, particularly among one's own relatives, who become suddenly anxious for the honor of the family name. But one who has tried it, knows that it is not such a startling thing to do, after all, and if the laying bare of her own deepest experiences results in the opening of one more home to some friendless child, she will not begrudge the effort that it costs."

The book keeps one smiling, though it has its pathetic passages here and there. Stanley, the five-year-old, whose adoption suggested the writing of the book, is evidently one of those children who "want a home, but don't want it with a capital H." The general method of treatment used by the author is illustrated fairly well in one anecdote.

"That which is forbidden is apt to have a peculiar fascination. I try not to forbid any more than is necessary. About a week ago Stanley said: 'Gosh!' in my presence in a way which showed that he was experimenting on me. I said nothing. Soon he tried it again in the same way. I kept still. When he was undressing for bed that night he asked me if 'Gosh' were a bad word. I considered deeply and said it was not a swear-word, or a really wicked word, but that I thought it exceedingly silly, and that it was a word which the best and most careful people would not use. He told me that the Seymour boys said it. I replied that this was no reason why he should.

"He sat there half undressed, with one stocking in his hand. 'You would rather that I did not say it,' he remarked, 'but you do not say that I must not?'

"I nodded. He stood suddenly upright, waved the stocking round his head, and shouted, 'O Gosh! Gosh! Gosh! Gosh! Gosh! Gosh! Then he went on undressing. I have not heard him say it since, and I have been listening. Our friend, Dr. Darrow, says that he thinks 'the gosh is thoroughly eliminated from his system.'

There is more or less of what may seem to be theory here, but a great deal of the record is made up of failures as well as successes, and of theories suggested as proved by actual experience.

One paragraph is amusing as hinting at the attitude of the author toward certain critics. The fear of outside criticism and interference undoubtedly deters many sensitive women from assuming the care of children. The author says:

"There is another class of people whose comments amuse me exceedingly. These are elderly women whose usual remark is: 'Well, you will find it will make a great difference in your life. You can't be free to come and go as you used to. It's all right now, because it is new, but you wait and see.' One of two things is certain, either they think me very fond of my own ease, or else when they were younger they begrudged the sacrifices incident to rearing children." (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.)

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

"THIRTY YEARS OF MUSICAL LIFE IN LONDON," by Hermann Klein, is the autobiography of a London musical critic—at least the story of that part of his life which had to do with musicians. As Mr. Klein's profession brought him into more or less intimate relations with every composer, singer, impresario, or other musician worth knowing, who chanced to visit London, his recollections are varied and interesting. The style of the book is simple, and there is very little of the author and a great deal about other people in the book. It is illustrated with innumerable portraits. A fair specimen of the anecdotes and character sketches in which the autobiography abounds is the following episode of Verdi's visit to London in 1876, when he conducted his Manzoni "Requiem" at the Royal Albert Hall:

"At the period of the 'Requiem' visit there happened to be residing in London an elderly Italian musician named Deliguoro, upon whom fortune had not smiled very kindly, and who frequently enjoyed the hospitality of my parents' house. An admirable contrapuntist, stuffed full of musical learning, he had the technique of composition at his fingers ends; but of individual or fresh ideas his brain was utterly devoid. Like most disappointed geniuses, he was unable to perceive him own lack of originality. Once he played me a melody in mazurka rhythm—a commonplace enough Neapolitan tune—which he fondly regarded as an inspiration; and I shall never forget the old gentleman's horror when, a day or two afterward, he caught me strumming his piece by ear upon the piano. I had to swear by all his own particular saints that I would never even hum his tune again. 'Some one would be sure to steal it.' He was utterly oblivious to the fact that he had virtually stolen it himself.'

"The announcement of Verdi's coming was a great event for Deliguoro, inasmuch as the master and he had been fellow-students together at Milan, under Lavigna (1831-33). This was just after the preposterous refusal of the authorities at the Milan Conservatoire to admit Verdi as a pupil at that institution because they thought he did not display sufficient promise of talent. Deliguoro's delight at the prospect of meeting his old friend knew no bounds. He had not seen him for quite thirty years. 'Giuseppe and I were like brothers. We ate, drank, and worked together the whole of the time. His harmony exercises always had more mistakes than mine, and he could never master the art of writing a really good fugue. I wonder whether he has dared to put one into his 'Requiem!' We shall see, for I am going to write and ask him for a ticket to hear it.' In due course tickets arrived for the rehearsal and the concert, and Deliguoro showed them to me with the utmost pride.

"Most of the distinguished musical folk in London were present at the 'grand rehearsal;' and yet the vast auditorium, capable of holding 10,000 persons comfortably, looked comparatively deserted. I sat with Deliguoro not far from the orchestra. He was so excited that I had the utmost difficulty in restraining him from climbing over the carrier and taking Verdi in his arms there and then. Nor were my own feelings altogether calm as I gazed for the first time upon the man who had composed 'La Traviata,' 'Rigoletto,' and 'Aida.' He was then sixty-three years of age, and his closely cut beard was fast turning gray: but he was as active and robust as a youth, his eyes were keen and bright, and his clear, penetrating voice when he addressed the choir in French or Italian (I forget which), could be heard all over the hall.

"At the end of the fugal chorus, 'Sancti Dominus,' which my neighbor declared to be more scholarly than anything he had anticipated, Verdi came around to speak to his friends among the select audience, and ere long I could see that he was staring in an uncertain way at Deliguoro. Then all of a sudden he appeared to make up his mind, and took a 'bee line' over the stall chairs to the spot where we were standing. 'Tu sei Deliguoro, non e vero?' exclaimed the maestro. 'Si, si, son Deliguoro,' replied his old friend, his eyes brimming over with tears. And then followed a close embrace that I thought would never end. It would be hard to say which of the two former classmates evinced the fuller measure of joy."

Another fascinating experience came many years later, when Mr. Klein entertained at dinner at his flat in Whitehall Court, a somewhat distinguished company. Paderewski, the guest of honor, was invited to meet Sir Arthur Sullivan, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Joseph Barnby, Manuel Garcia, and the veteran 'cellist, Alfredo Piatti. Some officious person in Paderewski's entourage sent the host a note asking him not to request the famous pianist to play, the latter being fatigued after his tour. The note was superfluous, as Mr. Klein never asked any artist to play at his house who had not come there with the expressed intention. Paderewski, however, happened to be in the mood to play, and insisted on accompanying Piatti's playing of the Rubinstein Sonata in D, after which he played one piece after another until the party broke up, somewhere near dawn.'

These are only two of the many charming episodes which the veteran critic has witnessed, "et quorum pars magna fuit." Imagine amusing one's self by caricaturing the recitative of Wagner with the assistance of Edouard de Reszke! Imagine helping to arrange one impromptu dramatic performance with Mme. Patti at her home in Craig-y-Nos! Imagine talking with Sir Arthur Sullivan, Augustus Harris, Liszt, Gounod, Dvorak, Wagner! All this in one brief lifetime.

In fact the author's chief difficulty seems to lie in this very wealth of material, which makes it difficult to cram all his experience into the limits of half a thousand pages, or, on the other hand, to omit the mention of artists who, great in their day, really helped in the development of opera in England and in this country. There are chapters which are little more than catalogues of names, and brief reports of memorable performances now interesting only to those who attended them. Yet even these chapters contain something of the interest which old programs, old magazines, old newspaper files, have for the person of normal imagination. Perhaps we shall some day evolve beyond the point of feeling interest in anything not "up to date," to use a wretched little upstart phrase; but until we do, the recollections of those who have known great men will continue to be delightful. (New York: The Century Company.)

THE LATEST BY JAMES

"The Ambassadors," by Henry James, is one of those books of which the despairing ordinary reader can only say, in the words of Mr. Lincoln: "If people like that sort of thing, it must be just the sort of thing they like." The devotion which disciples of this author profess for his style and subjects can only be compared to that which was shown for another James of royal blood, also expatriate because he failed to harmonize with his environment, also given to spinning a tangle of fine words about nothing. Confirmed Jacobites, therefore, will treat the judgment of common sense with scorn and contumely.

This story concerns, in brief, a young man, not so very young, who is supposed to be leading a perfectly dreadful life in Paris, and whose anxious mother sends over various emissaries to woo him from his evil course and persuade him to come home, go into business, and marry one Mamie Pocock. The idea of the tale is really funny—could have been deliciously funny if handled by somebody who had the art of the short story—but one discovers the motif in the third chapter, and the rest of the four hundred and thirty pages is all variations. Oh, but it is tiresome!

The most marked of the mannerisms which make it tiresome is the disposition of all the characters to use the word "wonderful" on all occasions. Whenever there is a pause for breath, which, with Mr. James' flow of language, comes about once in a page and a half, up rises Strether, or Waymarsh, or Miss Gostrey, or Chad, or somebody—it would be the waiter at the restaurant, if necessary—and, lifting reverent eyes, exclaims, in accents of hushed awe:

"Oh, she's wonderful!" or "He's wonderful!" Sometimes it is varied by the ejaculation, "You can't half know how wonderful she is!" This complimentary splutter is not confined to any one person, but distributed impartially over all the characters. For the first two or three dozen times it is rather amusing. But after that one begins to want to read about people who were not wonderful, who were made of plain, common mud. Does Mr. James know any Americans who talk like the characters in this book? If so, he ought in charity to put up a danger sign. (New York: Harper & Bros.)

A NEW NOVELIST

THE name of Una L. Silberrad is as yet unfamiliar to the average novel-reader, but it is safe to predict that if her latest book, "Petronilla Heroven," does not make her known to the world she is some day to write one that will.

Miss Silberrad has that philosopher's stone of the novelist, originality. Her present book is much better than "The Success of Mark Wyngate," which was her strongest work up to the time of its appearance. In spite of her outlandish name, Petronilla is a most interesting heroine, unique in being both mysterious and attractive. As a rule the inexplicable in heroines does not prove likeable, though it may be fascinating, and from the first one's sympathies are with Petronilla. It is true that she "moves like a wolf" and has impenetrable eyes and imperturbable self-possession, and that she attaches to herself, in time, a white wolf as a familiar; yet one feels for her not only the shivery sort of fascination properly inspired by a were-wolf heroine, but an actual liking. It is not every girl in a novel who can stir one's hair roots and affections at one and the same time. A remarkable person is Petronilla.

The other characters in the story are well drawn and contrasted—old Sampson Heroven, Petronilla's grandfather; the three maiden ladies by the name of Stidstone, who kept a little shop in the village; the eccentric old dame, Mrs. Quintrail; the mysterious woodman, fit mate for the mysterious girl; the unpleasant villain, Philip Rundell, and the various minor characters in the story. The atmosphere of the little English village in which the action takes place is also charmingly real and mellow.

Clearly the forte of the author is in stories with a strong plot and a touch of eeriness. Character drawing she seems to do by instinct. Her people, though unusual, are all real. She has also the gift of conjuring up fanciful scenes. The episode in the churchyard is fine and creepy; so is the incident in the garden, and the description of the girl's visit to the three spinsters is perfect. That which remains longest in the memory, however, is the glimpse of Petronilla gazing at herself in the old mirror. That is perfect. (New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.)

ROMANCE OF A BOSS

"The Chasm," by Reginald Wright Kauffman and Edward Childs Carpenter, is a story of a girl and a boss. The boss is a lovable, quick-witted, loyal Irishman, Larry O'Brien by name, and the girl is a niece of one of those men whom Tammany henchmen call silk-stocking reformers.

The book is rather unusual in its keen insight into certain phases of American life. The relations between O'Brien and his dilettante, effeminate son are entirely true to life, more is the pity. The attitude of the authors toward existing methods of reform in politics is distinctly sarcastic, and their view is to some extent justified; which is also a pity.

The valuable kernel in the book, however, is the suggestion offered as to the true method of reform. The authors hint that instead of compromising and trying to fight the devil with fire, and so on, it would be better to present an unyielding front and wait for principle to win the fight. This may be true, but it would take a long time and Americans are in a hurry. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.)

All About Moths.

People who are interested in entomology will welcome the appearance of "The Moth Book," by W. J. Holland, a companion volume to the author's work on butterflies, which has long been a standard book. There are in this book colored plates and text-cuts illustrating a majority of the larger species of North American moths; and there are also instructions as to collecting specimens and information on the history of silk culture, the economic importance of insect-life, etc.

One bit of information will interest even people who are not entomologists. Dr. Holland says that the most important thing in keeping moths out of fur and wool is to seal up the articles so that nothing can get at them. Without this precaution, he says, camphor and moth balls are of little use. He also recommends exposure for several days to hot sunlight, in the early summer and thorough shaking and brushing. This is only one page of the book known. About 997 kinds of moths, besides the three destructive house moths, are described. (New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Some Good Fiction.

Lovers of Wee Macgreegor will be delighted to see in the January "Century" a new story of the Glasgow youngster, and the illustrations by C. D. Edwards are admirably adapted to the spirit of J. J. Bell's work. Jack London's new serial, "The Sea-Wolf," begins in this number, and promises to be of great interest. A capital bit of fiction is "Miss Dodd on the School Board," by L. B. Elder, and another is "The Unexpected Strike," by Elliott Flower. Madame Curie contributes an article on radium, and Othon Guerlac one on "The Storm Center of French Politics." There is an essay on "Our Friend, the Dog," by Maurice Maeterlinck. Two papers on the immigration question are by Henry Cabot Lodge and Frank P. Sargent.

Law and Love.

"The Web," by Frederick Trevor Hill, is a novel with most of the characteristics of the author's previous book, "The Minority." It shows the same conscientious purpose, the same attention to detail, and the same skill in character-drawing, and it will have its interest for those readers who are too fastidious to enjoy fiction not thoroughly well-written. In these days of slip-shod work this is really a good deal to say for any book.

Dave Maddox, the hero, is what some old-fashioned folk believe an impossibility—an honest lawyer. He is entirely true to life, for all that, and so are Ainslee Lorimer, his friend, and Harmony Frayer, his lady-love. Even more realistic is the disreputable little shyster, Rat Ricketts. The plot goes twisting in and out of legal subtleties from beginning to end, and the book proves, if it proves anything, that if it is not absolutely impossible for a lawyer to be honest, it is at least exceedingly difficult.

Mr. Hill has written a good novel, and an interesting novel, and one cannot fail to respect and like his characters. (New York: Doubleday, Page, & Co.)

A California Fantasia.

"The Reign of Queen Isyl" is a fantastic but entertaining piece of nonsense by Gelett Burgess and Will Irwin. It deals with certain incidents of a flower festival, including the mysterious disappearance of the queen. The publishers say: "Certainly, there has never before been anything like this book."

The reader will be inclined to agree with the publishers. The strong point of the book is an originality which approaches the extreme without straining the possibilities.

While the plot is well constructed, and so developed that the most sagacious will be unable to see the end from the beginning, the plot is not the whole book. At intervals the narrative pauses to allow one or another of the characters to tell some tale of modern marvels, such as "The Matinee Parade," "The Tale of Love Militant," "The Tale of Love Recusant," and so forth. It would be quite impossible to describe the novel and bizarre flavor of these side dishes. They belong to that fiction which may be called the chile con carne and chop suey of literature; and they are as individual as those two dishes. (New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.)

Artistic Illustration.

An infinite variety of beautiful illustration is to be found in the January number of "Scribner's Magazine." The leading article, "A New Valley of Wonders," is by F. S. Dellenbaugh, illustrated from photographs by the author, and "Frank Brangwyn," by M. H. Spielmann, is illustrated from the artist's work. A new serial by Robert Grant, entitled "The Undercurrent" begins in this number. An amusing short story is "The Revel of the Sacred Cats," by Philip Loring Allen, and other short stories are "The Major Gets Even," by Ewan McPherson; "The Seven Studious Sisters," by Margaret Sherwood, author of "The Princess Pourquoi," "On the Trail of a Go-Cart," by Ann Devoore, and "When Papadoff Crossed the Frontier," by Frederick Palmer.

GOLD FOR ALL MEMBERS OF THE INDIAN TRIBE

San Bernardino was treated to a singular sight today. Over fifty Indians of all ages and conditions, swarmed into town from the Manuel reservation above Highland, each to receive a $5 gold piece, which the Arrowhead Reservoir Company had agreed to pay for a pipe-line right of way across the corner of the reservation. This agreement was reached Tuesday at a powwow held between the Indians and the Government agent. The tribe was at first suspicious, but when the representative of the company made the promise that if the right of way were granted he would place a gold piece in the palm of every Indian, from the youngest infant to the oldest squaw, they consented to sign the right of way.

True to their promise, the Indians filed into the office of the company, some hobbling on crutches, others supported by their fellow-braves, many mothers with babes in arms, and each in turn received a bright gold piece. The Indians were so delighted that some of them have offered to assist in digging the trench for the company's pipe line. —Correspondence San Francisco Chronicle.

MARVELS OF SCIENCE

"THE BOY'S SECOND BOOK OF INVENTIONS," like its predecessor, is given to lucid and graphic descriptions of the scientific wonders of the age. The author, Ray Stannard Baker, has chosen subjects interesting not only to boys but to most older people, and his style is suited to readers of almost any age. The titles of the various chapters are: "The Miracle of Radium," "Flying Machines," "The Earthquake Measurer," "Electrical Furnaces," "Harnessing the Sun," "The Inventor and the Food Problem," "Marconi and His Great Achievements," "Lighthouse Builders," and "The Newest Electric Light."

The book reads like one of H. G. Wells' scientific fairy tales, for only when the marvelous achievements of science are collected in this fashion does one realize the half uncanny power which it has become within the last hundred years. For instance, take this description of radium:

"Perhaps it is just as well at first not to have too much radium, for besides being wonderful, it is also dangerous. If a pound or two could be gathered in a mass it would kill everyone who came within its influence. People might go up and even handle the white powder without at the moment feeling any ill effects, but in a week or two the mysterious and dreadful radium influence would begin to take effect. Slowly the victim's skin would peel off, his body would become one great sore, he would fall blind, and finally die of paralysis and congestion of the spinal cord. Even the small quantities now on hand have severely burned the experimenters. Prof. Curie himself has a number of bad scars on his hands and arms, due to ulcers caused by handling radium. And Prof. Becquerel, in journeying to London, carried in his waistcoat pocket a small tube of radium to be used in a lecture there. Nothing happened at the time, but about two weeks later Prof. Becquerel observed that the skin under his pocket was beginning to redden and fall away, and finally a deep and painful sore formed there and remained for weeks before healing."

Among the numerous illustrations are portraits of famous inventors, pictures of the reflector by which the sun is "harnessed," lighthouses of different types, and other interesting things. (New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.)